

THE DAILY STAR.

SATURDAY, APRIL 17
LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

THINGS about St. Louis are getting to look a little Chicagoish.

The prospects of an adjustment of the railroad war do not appear to be at all flattering.

CHINA and Formosa have had a speck of war, and expect something more to the point before long.

If we are not mistaken in the figures a press printing twenty-four thousand sheets per hour would get off a circulation of thirteen hundred papers in just three minutes and fifteen seconds.

SPRING weather is especially desirable, in order to give the Black Hills lunatics a chance to get themselves in the clutches of the Sioux and the Government. Nothing short of this will stop their clatter.

EFFORTS are now being made to show that in the Emma Mine swindle General Schenck was not so much to blame as has been supposed. If the General can show a clear record in the little Emma business, people will be more inclined to excuse any little diversions in the way of draw poker of which he may have been guilty.

THE opinion of experienced growers is that the freeze of last night completely destroyed most of the fruit in this section. Peaches, plums and early cherries may be set down as killed beyond question, and the crop of early apples and late cherries will be very short. The thermometer reached eight degrees below the freezing point during the night, and this morning all buds in an advanced state of germination were frozen brittle to the core.

CHICAGO, through the agency of the London bankers who furnished money to complete the structure, has captured the St. Louis bridge. St. Louis capitalists have lost about a million of dollars which they invested to give the enterprise a good send off, but they have the bridge. It is fortunately for them a very inconvenient article to move, and besides Chicago has not a good place for a bridge of that kind. St. Louis will now have the use of the bridge and Chicago the satisfaction of controlling it. We have not much of an opinion of a city of four hundred thousand (?) population that can only get out 29,000 votes, and is not able to control her own toll-gates.

THE STAR was the first to suggest to the managers of the Young Ladies' Branch of the Women's Christian Association that they ought to teach those under their care and whose best interests they are seeking, something besides how to sew. We have repeatedly renewed the suggestion and urged that something be done in this regard. We are gratified to know that the time has come when the members of the Y. L. B. feel equal to undertaking a wider field of usefulness than that of the sewing school. From a communication in our local column it will be seen that it is proposed to establish a laundry in this city, where young girls can be gratuitously taught to become competent laundresses. To raise funds necessary to open such an establishment, a musical and dramatic entertainment will be given early in May. As the ladies who have this in charge never offer the public anything that has not intrinsic merit, an entertainment superior in evidences of good taste and power to please may be anticipated. Although we admit the usefulness of the sewing school, yet we are sure that alone, the good it accomplishes is very small compared with what it would be combined with instruction in other branches of household duties. It is in the power of the members of Y. L. B. to teach those under their care how to become competent housekeepers in every department. To learn to sew is but a very small part of what a woman needs to know in order that her services may be valuable to employers or in a home of her own. Besides, as a continuous employment it is the most unhealthy that can be undertaken. To learn to cook wholesome and palatable food, to set a room properly in order, to clean house, to wash and iron—all these are quite as essential as sewing. The laundry, so soon to be in operation, will prove a success. It will, of course, become self-supporting, and probably make money. Then, as soon as practicable, we shall hope to see a cooking school established by these energetic members of the Y. L. B.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO TO-MORROW—OUR FIRST CENTENNIAL TALK.

To-morrow, the 18th inst., one hundred years ago, the first event of the Revolution transpired at Boston. Matters had long been tending to armed resistance to the regularly constituted authorities. On the night of Tuesday, the 18th of April, 1776, General Gage sent a body of troops, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Smith, to Concord. This first portentous march of English soldiers was to the place where the Second Provincial Congress had just held a session. The force comprised 800 men. The ostensible object was the destruction of stores that had been accumulated at Concord.

On the 19th Col. Smith was re-enforced by more than a thousand men under Lord Percy, with two pieces of cannon. The first action of the great struggle which assured independence to the Colonies occurred on the 19th, one hundred years ago on Monday. The result was the rapid and disorderly retreat of the British to Boston, with the loss of 273 men and officers. This action has passed into history in connection with the battle of Lexington, where firing commenced on the same day a few hours

advance of the fight at Concord, and where the first patriotic blood was shed. The patriots at Lexington were led by Captain Isaac Davis, who was killed, falling at the same fire with private Abner Hosmer. The first order for returning the fire of the British was given by Major Buttrick, of Concord. This action, in which the Colonists had broken the bond of loyalty by the order of Major Buttrick and the prompt obedience of his men, resulting in the death of the first patriots who fell for the cause, thrilled throughout the Colonies like an electric shock.

A patriot army of 10,000 men was speedily organized. Much had already been done toward it in anticipation of the dread day when 25,000 colonists were to open a war with the greatest power on earth.

Of this army 1,000 men were from Rhode Island, 1,200 from New Hampshire, 2,300 from Connecticut, and 11,500 from Massachusetts. General Nathaniel Ward, of Boston, was the commander of this force. General Ward was the richest merchant of Boston.

His wife was a poor girl who had come to Boston to learn the tailor's trade. She stepped into his store one day, and he who was to be the first Commanding General of the patriots, fell in love "on sight." He followed her out of the store, saw her stop on the sidewalk and speak with a man. Ward asked him who she was and found that she was his wife's sister. He soon married her and she made him the best of wives.

The siege of Boston began at once after the action of the 19th, and Gen. Gage had 4,000 men under him. This first army, raw, undisciplined, and consequently, for some time, inefficient for encountering regulars, contained many men who were destined to become famous. Among these were Gen. Putnam, Col. Wm. Prescott, Col. Stark, Gen. Heath, Col. Thomas, Gen. Greene, Capt. Knowlton, Major Brooks and Henry Knox. There were some veterans of the "old French war" in this army. All the men were accustomed to the use of firearms, having been brought up to their use in hunting.

On the 10th of May Concord and Crown Point were captured by Colonel Ethan Allen. On the same day the second meeting of the Continental Congress took place in Philadelphia, where energetic action in war measures were taken. The Provincial army around Boston was adopted as the Continental army, which so changed the current of the world's history and gave hope of liberty to mankind.

It was at once re-enforced by volunteers from Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia. George Washington, a member of the Virginia delegation in the Congress, and a Colonel, was chosen Commander-in-Chief on the 15th of June. Three days previously General Gage had issued his proclamation of pardon to all who would lay down their arms except John Hancock and Samuel Adams. Washington left for his command on the 21st of June. In the interval between his appointment and taking command, important events had occurred.

Generals Burgoyne, Clinton and Howe had joined General Gage, whose army now numbered ten thousand of the ablest soldiers of the world. After the action at Breed's Hill and the battle of Bunker's Hill, Washington assumed command July 2d, 1776. The siege of Boston continued through the fall and winter, and on the 17th of March, 1776, the British evacuated Boston.

What Mrs. Beecher thinks of Tilton.

A Brooklyn correspondent, who has been interviewing Mrs. Beecher, says: "Mrs. Beecher has grown quite thin since the trial commenced. She says she is so nervous that she can't sleep at night. When I told her that her face looked full and round, she held up her hands and said:

"Look at these! I never saw the bones in these hands before. I am really afraid I shall get sick before this trial ends. Henry seems very happy. In fact he is always in hot water, and I don't think he would feel natural if he was not in some tribulation. Somebody is always making a fool of him. Why after he gets out of this trouble I don't believe it will be three months before he will be in another scrape; and all because he is so innocent and generous. Why, if I had been one-half as honest as Henry has been, we would both of us have been ruined a dozen times before this."

"Did you lose faith in Theodore before Mr. Beecher did?" I asked. "Why, yes—years ago. Fifteen years ago I told Theodore to his face that he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. He came here to look his meals for two weeks. I found him out then. He used to sit at a copy Mr. Beecher's handwriting. One day he showed me a page in exact imitation of Mr. Beecher. When he held it up to me and asked me if I knew whose writing it was, I said, 'yes, sir, it is a miserable attempt to copy my husband's.'"

"What did Theodore say to this?" "He went up stairs to Mr. Beecher, who came down and said, 'I mustn't talk so to Theodore; for, said he, he really has a great deal of good in him.' 'Good in him?' said I. 'I should think so. There must be a great deal of good in him, Henry, for none has ever come out of him.'"

"I really believe, that if I should say anything about Theodore three months after the trial that Mr. Beecher would say, 'Now don't be so hard on poor Theodore; he's really a good man at heart.'"

"One night," continued Mrs. Beecher, "after Theodore had taken his meals with us for two weeks (fifteen years ago), Mrs. Tilton called and asked if I had seen Dory? 'Seen Dory?' said I; 'who's Dory?'"

"Why, my Theodore," said Mrs. Tilton. "Yes, I've seen Dory, for that's his name; I've seen him for two weeks, and that's two weeks too long. I'd be glad to have you take your Dory home and keep him, and never let him come within sight of our house again."

"What do you think?" said Mrs. Beecher, as her eyes snapped fire, "why that miserable man, that sneaking Dory, had not been home for five weeks, but had spent the whole time loafing around Mr. Beecher, and sponging his meals off of our table. And Henry at the time saying, 'Now don't be so hard on poor Theodore; he's really a good man at heart.' You must be kind to him? Bah! kind to a snake in the cradle!" and Mrs. Beecher's old Puritan features assumed a look stern than the figure of justice on the Court-house.

SATURDAY EVENING.

This week is past, the Sabbath dawn comes on; Rest in peace—this is all I do not; And, standing as thou standest, on the brink Of a new scene of being, calmly think Of what is gone, is now and soon shall be. As one that troubles in eternity. For such as this now closing week is past, So much advancing time will close my last, So much to-morrow shall the awful light Of the eternal morning hail my sight.

Spirit of good! on this week's verge I stand, Tracing the guiding influence of thy hand. Thou hast with loving gentleness, calmly still, Up life's dark, stormy, thorny, hill, 'Thou, thou, in every stern blast sheltered me, Beneath the wing of thy benignity. A thousand graves thy footstep's circumvent, And I exist—thy mercy's monument; A thousand writhes upon the bed of pain, I live, and pleasure flows through every vein; Woe's war a thousand wretches waves her wand, I circle by ten thousand mercies, stand.

How can I praise thee, Father? how express My debt of reverence and of thankfulness? A debt that no intelligence can count, While every moment swells the vast amount. For a week's duties thou hast given me strength, And brought me to its peaceful close at length, And here my grateful bosom fain would raise A fresh memorial to thy glorious praise.

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TROTTER.

"Oh, don't strike him!" Job Garland turned his heavy, brutish head and small, gray eyes, bloodshot and stupid, as the sweet, pleading voice fell upon his ears.

Taking advantage of this moment of hesitation, Pearl Rosedale glided between the strong man and the shivering, cowering victim of his fury, saying: "Pearl, Trotter!"

The figure rose from its bending posture, and showed a loose-jointed, shambling form, tall if it was ever held erect, but always stooping forward, the head far too small, with long, retreating forehead and straw-colored hair falling over the light-blue, vacant eyes.

"Run!" Pearl said, and he fled away with an odd, sidelong movement that was one of poor Trotter's peculiarities.

"I wish you wouldn't interfere between me and the hands, Pearl," Job Garland growled, twisting in his hands the stout oak stick just raised over Trotter. "You spoil their boy."

"Uncle Job, it hurts me to see you strike him, God has afflicted him so sorely. Who is he?"

"He is Widow Farrell's idiot son." "I see he is an idiot, and hear you call him Trotter?"

"His name is Godfrey Farrell. He was a smart boy enough till he fell off a hay-wagon, five years ago, and added his wits."

"Don't strike him again—don't, uncle, for my sake!" pleaded Pearl.

"Well, well. But he's awfully aggravating, too!"

Then these two, so ill-matched, went into the wide farm-kitchen, where patient Mrs. Garland was spreading the table for supper.

When the supper was over, Job Garland's niece, and had come to live with him after the death of her parents who were as intelligent and refined as was her uncle coarse and brutish.

The shock to her sensitive nature may be imagined when, instead of the frank, noble farmer of her imagination, she found a coarse, cruel man, who was to be with liquor more than half the time, a woman who had no idea about pigs and poultry, baking and brewing, cowed to craven submission by absolute fear of her husband, and a son who was as cruel as his father and as narrow-minded as his mother.

Poor Pearl! Four or five hours of the coarse life was like a week of misery to her. And yet, strange as it may seem, she met there what her hungry heart craved most of all, affection.

The one soft spot in Job Garland's heart was the memory of his sister Grace, and what of love was left in the besotted nature turned to his sister's child.

Grace had been like Pearl, fair-haired, with violet eyes shaded by long golden lashes, and Pearl soon found that she could influence her uncle as no one else in the household could do.

He would actually leave his liquor to walk with Pearl, and more than once when his wife's bent head was averted by Pearl's shocked cry. And the aunt, the patient, down-trodden slave, ignorant and drugging, looked upon the fair girl as an angel. Pearl's dainty little hands were ill-fitted for labor, but many a step was saved the weary woman by her light feet, many a load was taken from her overtaxed shoulders by Pearl's willing hands.

She would have left Ohio at once but for this love; this consciousness of brightening something of the dreary, monotonous life. But seeing how they loved her, she tried to find happiness even there.

When she arrived, Charles Garland, her uncle's son, was away from home, but on the evening when Trotter was saved from a beating he came home from a pork-selling expedition to Cincinnati, and Pearl's heart shrank away from him with a repulsion that was almost horror.

He was a giant in stature and frame, and on his heavy body was set a large, black, bushy head, with a heavy bulge of thick rings over his head, and his large gray eyes were set under heavy, shaggy eyebrows.

He ate heartily, staring at Pearl till she was ready to faint with terror of him, and then took his father by the arm, and heaved a sigh of relief.

"Who is she?" he asked. "I told you. She is your cousin, your aunt Grace's girl."

"But how came she here?" "Lost her father and her mother?"

"No, we haven't. She's got a pile of money of her own, and she comes, of money, to buy this rotten old farm all up and never miss the price on it."

A long whistle met this statement. "By Jove, dad, I'll marry her! She is pretty 'nough to eat, and I'll soon knock the fine-lady airs out of her."

"Not if I know it!" retorted his father, fiercely. "Marry her if she'll have you, but she ain't one of our sort to be clipped over the head with a stick. 'I'll not stand by and see her abused; and so I tell you."

"Gershy, dad! a body'd think I was a-kin'n' your wad doll now! Keep your hands down, I ain't a-touchin' of her."

"You'd better not!" muttered the old man. "Hullo! what's that?"

"That proved to be Trotter, curled up in a ball at the foot of a tree, fast asleep. Charles Garland thought it a fine joke to lift him on his huge foot and send him spinning through the air, to fall bruised and dizzy several feet beyond, and his loud, brutal laugh greeted the performance as if it was a circus clown's wit and clamor, and looked at his tormentor.

"I'd like to kill you," he muttered, in his impotent fury, as he hobbled away in his shuffling, sidelong fashion. "If I ever catch you asleep, I'll do it."

Trotter knew but little. His numbed faculties were incapable of connecting ideas of cause and effect; yet, in his childish fashion, he felt that his infirmities did not excuse the cruelties of the Garlands, father and son; and he hated them with the fierce, vindictive hatred that is often the strongest emotion in weakened intellects.

And in proportion to his hatred for his tyrants grew his devotion to Pearl.

He knew well that it was her interference that saved him many a brutal flogging for his neglected tasks; and before she came a month or two before the farm, he could not have counted on all his fingers the times she had sheltered him.

Once a heavy whip-lash had fallen upon her own white arm interposed to screen him; and Trotter wept as he seldom wept over his own bruises and blows.

He followed the girl like a dog, content to lie at her feet, and look into her eyes as she read, or took her guitar to forget her sorrows in the sweet sounds that seemed to bring her father's spirit to her side.

She was fond of wandering alone in the woods, a mile from the house, to read or play, and it never occurred to any of her to find the idiot boy creeping out from amongst the trees to lie at her feet, or listen to her music, or hear her voice talking to him. Her pity for him, her gentle tenderness of tone in speaking to him, her tolerance of his presence, increased at every interview the idiot's worshipful love, till it was a little thing to say he would have died to spare her one sorrow.

But Trotter never came forward when Charles Garland was Pearl's companion in her walks. The young giant wooed the fair girl as he thought most acceptable, and she endured him for the sake of his parents, never dreaming of the hope her gentleness inspired.

Her sorrow was too young yet for her to think of the future. Every instinct of her nature warned her that she could not long endure her present life, but she had made no plans as yet. Friends she had made in plenty, but her father's restless wandering from place to place had left her no homelike feeling for any one spot. She felt vaguely that some day she must leave Ohio and return to the society where books, music and the refinements of life would be hers again.

In the meantime she had quiet, and seclusion, and love, even if it was rough in its expression.

Upon such vague dreams as these broke one day the spoken words of her cousin Charles.

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reside, except that in joint actions against the makers and endorsers of notes, due bills or bills of exchange, the action shall be commenced in the township where one of the original makers, endorsers or endorsers reside, and if it be claimed by the plaintiff that an endorser endorsed the note or bill at the time it was made and the jurisdiction depends thereon, before the Justice shall take jurisdiction the plaintiff, or some person for him, shall file an affidavit setting forth the facts, in cases of trespass to real or personal property, it shall be lawful to bring the action in the township where the trespass was committed, or in the township where the trespasser or any one of several trespassers resides; seventh, where there is a promissory note made payable at a particular place, containing a power of attorney duly executed in presence of a witness, authorizing the holder of such promissory note to appear by himself or attorney before any Justice of the Peace of the township where such promissory note is made payable after the same shall become due, confess judgment in favor of the original payee for the amount due on such promissory note, then such promissory note may be sued or collected, or judgment rendered thereon, by confession in the township where such place of payment is located, or in the township where such promisor or debtor resides, or either of said townships, at the option of the owner or holder of such promissory note; and in all cases where suit is brought under the provisions of this section the jurisdiction of the Justice shall be co-extensive with the county, provided before any such suit shall be brought on such judgment confessed, notice in writing shall be given by the holder of such note to the maker at least five days prior to the rendition of such judgment, at the time and place where the holder was to apply to enter such judgment, and proof of such notice shall be made at the trial and such maker may appear and make any legal defense to such note.

Sec. 75. In all civil actions after the appearance of the defendant and before the Court shall proceed to inquire into the merits of the cause, either party may demand a jury to try the action, which shall be composed of twelve good and lawful men, having the qualifications of electors, unless the parties shall agree on a less number.

Sec. 77. The Justice shall write in a panel the names of twenty-four persons who are of the township, of or over the age of one in which the jurisdiction is not limited to the township, then citizens of the county, from which the defendant, his agent or attorney, shall strike one name, the plaintiff, his agent or attorney, one, and so alternately until each shall have stricken six names, and the remaining twelve shall constitute the jury to try such case, and if either party neglect or refuse to aid in striking the jury as aforesaid the Justice shall strike the same in behalf of such party.

Sec. 91. If on appeal by the plaintiff from a judgment in his favor he shall not recover a larger sum than one hundred dollars, exclusive of interest, since the rendition of the judgment before the Justice, he shall be adjudged to pay all costs in the Court of Common Pleas, including a fee of five dollars to the defendant's attorney; and if the defendant shall demand a set-off or counter-claim, or both, greater than one hundred dollars, and he appeal from the judgment rendered in his favor and do not recover one hundred dollars, he shall be adjudged to pay all costs in the Court of Common Pleas, including a fee of five dollars to the plaintiff's attorney.

Sec. 111. In all cases not otherwise specially provided by law, either party may appeal from the final judgment of any Justice of the Peace to the Court of Common Pleas, of the county where the judgment was rendered, when such judgment, exclusive of costs, amounts to not less than one hundred dollars.

Sec. 123. Appeals in the following cases shall not be allowed: first, on judgment rendered on confession; second, in jury trials when neither party in their bill or particulars claims a sum exceeding one hundred dollars; third, on judgment, exclusive of costs, is less than one hundred dollars; fourth, in the action for the possible entry and detention or forcible detention of real property; fourth, in trials for the right of property under the statutes, either levied upon by execution or attached.

Sec. 131. In all cases not otherwise specially provided by law, either party may appeal from the final judgment of any Justice of the Peace to the Court of Common Pleas, of the county where the judgment was rendered, when such judgment, exclusive of costs, amounts to not less than one hundred dollars.

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